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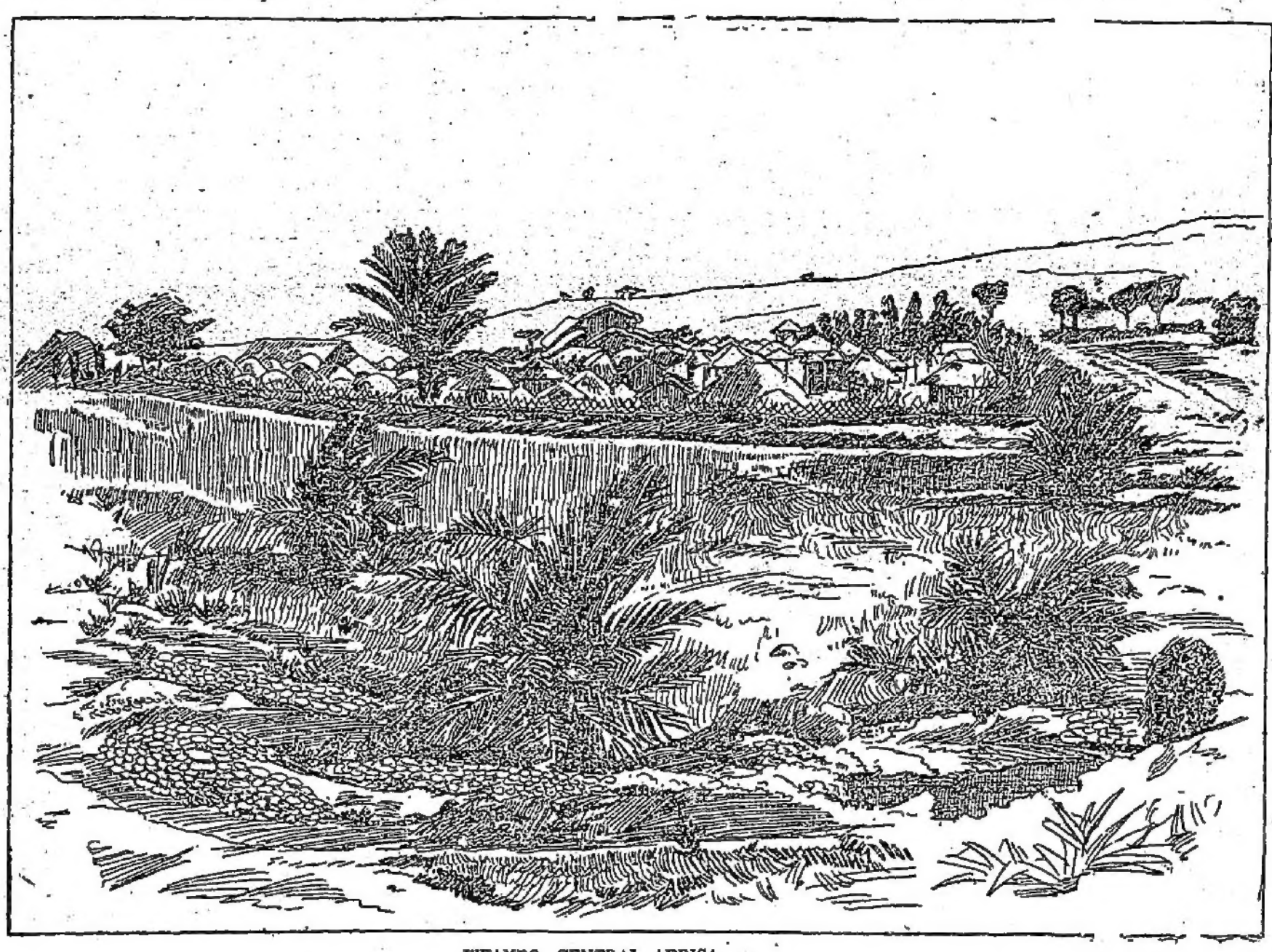
A Mission Village.

Speaking of the early days of the Tanganyika Mission in Central Africa, the Rev. D. P. Jones of Kambole says in the 'Missionary Chronicle':—

During the intervals of health which we enjoyed we worked hard—sometimes doing manual work, and at other times studying the language, or else delivering to the people in simple, and often broken language, the message of Divine love. We were on the whole sanguine of success, although we were occasionally bitterly tried by the selfishness of the chiefs, whose one cry was 'Cloth, cloth,' as well as by the cold apathy of the people. Looking back upon this period now, we cannot help feeling that it was pre-eminently a time of experimenting and of preparation, rather than that of actual work.

The commencement of what we should call 'permanent' work in Central Africa dates from the year 1887, when we opened a station at Fwambo, a highland district at the south end of the lake; for this place proved to be comparatively healthy, and the missionaries who were resident there had an immunity from fever and other sicknesses which they had never before experienced.

In the early days I have referred to, we devoted ourselves more especially to itinerating; and though our reception at first might be characterized by a good deal of curiosity, the people could not be said to feel any real interest in our message. At Fwambo, however, we began work on different lines, and instead of going about from village to village, pleading with the different chiefs to gather their people together to hear the Word of God, we started a village of our own, giving the natives every encouragement to settle down beside us. We thus had the same people to listen to us Sunday after Sunday, and in time we began to make an impression on them, especially on that section of the people which there, as here, is the most impressionable—the young. Speaking of their mental qualities and their power of grasping new truths, the Africans are children, and they require the treatment of children. It would be of no use to preach a sermon to them once in a while. They need daily teaching—constant instruction.



FWAMBO, CENTRAL AFRICA.

An Incident in Parochial Work

I had been, for several weeks, visiting a young man stricken down with rapid consumption. We had some very heart to heart talks together, and I believe he died trusting in Jesus. But what about his two sisters, both grown-up girls, who had been nursing him? Were they Christians? In my anxiety about Will, I had forgotten them, and now, driving over to the funeral service, I had just remembered that I had spoken no word to them. There was no opportunity on that day, so I determined to come over specially in the early part of the week. Having prayed very definitely that I might be given a message, I drove across to their home on Tuesday afternoon. God had made me a means of blessing to the brother; would he not to the sisters also? I was a little disappointed on reaching the farmhouse, to find it empty and the door locked. I thought God was sending me to them that day, but evidently not. What would he have me do? It was in an out-of-the-way part of the parish, and I had no other calls that I could make near at hand. I let my horse have the reins for a while, waiting; waiting to hear what he would say to me. Presently it was all made plain. I had not gone far before I overtook the two girls I had called to see, walking along the road. God had not sent me in vain. I asked them if I might drive them as the day was very hot. They were going down to their grandma's, and would be very glad to be driven. On my endeavoring to turn the conversation on the things of Christ, I found them reticent. It was not God's time after all, then. Asking about the grandmother, I found that she lived outside my parish, about a mile or more farther on, in a direction in which I had not been, and that she was very ill—indeed, not expected to live. Perhaps, after all, it was to her I was being sent that afternoon. But how was I to know? I did not know the people, nor did they know me, for I had only arrived in my parish a very short time before. Was it just the thing for me to go and see sick people who did not know me, and who had not asked me to go? He will decide this for me; and I silently prayed, 'Lord, what shall I do? If they ask me to go in, I will go, believing thou art sending me.' Reach-

ing the gate, I found that they quite took it for granted I was going in. He had settled it for me, then, very plainly. Going up to the house, I found it full of people, and, on being shown into the sick room, I saw that there were not many hours left. I spoke to the poor sufferer of Jesus and his love, but there was no response. She was not even conscious of my presence. I waited for a while, but to no purpose. I got up to leave having to own to some little disappointment. I thought I was sent out with a message that afternoon, yet my message had twice returned to me. Was my afternoon to be fruitless? Ah, well! I am not master; *He is Master; I am servant.*

As I went from the house over to where my horse was tied, one of the sons of the dying woman followed me, to loose my horse and open the gate for me, I supposed. Something in his manner, however, made me think that he was thinking of more than the gate, and I willingly entered into conversation with him.

'Some one was telling me about your sermon on last Sunday.'

'Yes,' I said.

'He said that you preached that a man could know that he was saved, and that God had forgiven him his sins.'

'Yes,' I said, 'I preach that, and I believe that. Don't you believe it, too?'

'Well, I never was taught that. I always held that if a man read his bible and said his prayers, and went to church, and took Holy Communion, he would be saved when the time came.'

'You hope to be saved?'

'Yes, I do,' he said.

'And you have been doing all these things?'

'Yes, I have.'

'Have you found it satisfactory? Have they brought you peace? Or is there a feeling away down in your heart that there is something still to be done?'

'Ah! that's just it. They have not brought me peace, and I do feel as if there is something more I ought to do. I went to our minister and he told me that that was all there was to do, but that I must do them more carefully. I wish I could think so.'

'My dear fellow, your heart conviction is right this time. There is something more to be done. The very fact that you have done all these things, and yet have no peace, proves it. God wants us to have peace, else why does he tell us of 'the peace of God which passeth all understanding?' There is more to do, but, though you cannot do it, thank God, Jesus Christ has done it. You can never be saved by what you do, for, try as you may, you cannot do it all; but you may be saved by depending upon what Jesus has done for you.

I paused a little. It was a new thought to him, one that had evidently never entered his mind before. I waited for God to speak it to him. Then I said: 'You may be saved now, if you will give up all else, and rest only on what Jesus has done.'

I saw that he was willing. There was no hesitation on that score, for he was most anxious. Oh, that God might enable me to make it plain to him.

We were standing close beside a large barn. 'Suppose,' I said, 'your little boy to have been playing in the barn and to have climbed up on to a high beam. He has not noticed that a fire has started in the stable adjoining, and is already spreading to the barn. You rush into the barn and tell him of his danger. It is too late for him to climb down as he went up; the fire bars his way. To stay where he is is to be burned. What can he do? Quickly you call to him, 'Jump, my son, I am here underneath you. I will catch you.' Yet to let go his hold on the beam is to let go everything that he can either see or feel, for the smoke hides you from him. He must do it though, if he is to be saved. So you see that he must let go, and throw himself into your arms?'

'Yes, I think that's plain.'

'Now, what does he throw himself upon? What has he to depend on when once he lets go the beam?'

He thought for a moment. The new light was breaking in upon his soul. God's own light. A great change was coming over his face, and in a different voice he said:

'My word for it, and my strength to catch and hold him.'

'Yes, my friend, when we let go everything else, we have God's word for it, and his strength to catch and to hold us,' and grasping his hand quickly, I left him in the presence of God.—'Parish and Home.'

Using God's Money.

(The Rev. W. H. Geistweit, in 'The Standard.')

Here is a man whose income is, say, twenty dollars a week. Now, some part of that belongs to God in an especial sense; it all belongs to God in a real sense. But a definite part of it so belongs to God as to take it out from the discretion used in the disposition of the balance; it should be used for the support and extension of Christ's Kingdom. Suppose the tenth idea prevails; that would make two dollars a week to be laid aside for such uses.

What are the facts in a great majority of cases? (I say 'majority' advisedly, for the empty treasuries and gasping missionary enterprises are not due to hard times, in truth—something else has come over the people. Let me illustrate with facts—of course disguised: The income was a thousand dollars a year; generally, about a hundred dollars were given in various directions—charity, church, etc. It was decided to buy a piece of land; in the calculation as to expenses, etc., the basis was upon the thousand dollars income, and without a hesitation it was decided to go into the speculation, and give less to the objects of benevolence. For some years to come it would be necessary to spend the entire income, practically, in this way. The training in selfishness, though unconscious, is none the less going on; children growing up in such an atmosphere will have a 'set' to their lives they rarely overcome. They are narrow, stingy, selfish—to the end of their days, and leave their children in turn what they inherited.

Another case: A Christian family, growing children, several earning money. A chance is at hand to buy a piece of property; but on the condition: the payments of money to benevolence and church work must be greatly curtailed; of course it is looked upon as advantageous to the family, and that consideration is chief. The future is mortgaged, covering a number of years; they will all be well into manhood by the time their possessions are paid for. They live for themselves; there is one answer to all requests for money for the cause of God:—'We are paying off our mortgage.' Now all this would be right if it were not all wrong!

And where is the wrong? In the case of each of these representative characters they were using God's mercy; they mortgaged God's money, and counted on God's money for their own use for years to come. It is simply a perversion of funds entrusted for other investment. It is right to buy land; right to enlarge one's possessions; but it can never be right to use money which does not belong to you; and a certain percentage of your income belongs to God in a peculiar sense, over and above the general truth that it all belongs to him. This way of putting the matter will be startling to some of us; but I do not put it in a hesitating way—of its truth I am convinced beyond a shadow of a doubt. What these folks should do—all of us should do—should never make a calculation for earthly advantage which includes a trespass on the money already belonging to God. If a man has twenty dollars, two of which belong to God, he cannot rightly make an investment which compels him to use the two dollars already belonging in another direction.

On the other hand, the happiness that results from such faithful and honest dealing with God can only be understood by those who follow out such a plan. Whether the income be large or small, the 'laying by' as God has prospered somehow never reduces the amount left; there is a strange growth in it; and the peace of heart is of the sort that passeth knowledge. It sometimes takes grace and grit to solemnly adhere to it, but a firm principle of right will carry every one beyond the point of temptation. What a day will dawn when a seasonable majority of God's children shall thus put their benevolences upon business principles!

Receiving.

(Rev. F. B. Meyer.)

Do you know how to receive?

You suppose I want you to pray. No, I don't. You've been praying long enough. Leave off—in a sense. I want you to begin taking. There is all the difference in the world between praying for Christ and taking Christ.

I'll explain. One night I was staying with a party of clergymen at Canon Wilberforce's, and in the first flush of a new surrender we sat around the fire and gave our experiences.

I talked a good deal about my surrender to Christ. One old clergyman arose and said: 'I am very much startled that Mr. Meyer has nothing better than that to say. You'd suppose, to hear him, that he'd only got to give out. My religion is taking in, first, and dropping out after. Get Christ and the world attracts you no more. Give me the light of the sun and I'll dispense with artificial light. Once I used to fight my temper, but now I take Christ to be my sweet temper, my patient humility, my self-control.'

That minute I saw that he had a better experience than I had, and we separated for the night.

The next morning Canon Wilberforce said: 'What did you think of that last night?'

I replied: 'I think it will be an era in my life.'

'Yes,' said the canon, 'it will be in mine, too.'

From that time I have tried to live so that whatever I needed I saw Christ could be it better for me.

In London where there is so much drinking, the lunatics are increasing at the rate of five hundred a year. In every four years an additional asylum at a cost of half a million is needed.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Working to Win.

(By Annie L. Hannah.)

'What a nice face that young fellow has,' said the new minister to the gentleman with whom he was walking, as the person referred to pulled off his hat in passing.

'Yes; he would be something out of the common if he had half a chance. But what can be expected of a boy living alone in a boarding-house, with nothing to keep him out of mischief? 'Not,' hastily, 'that I mean that he isn't straight now, but the question is, how long is he going to remain so? He, just out of college (sent there by some relative to get him out of the way, I presume, for he has no parents), and if he doesn't have something put into them, the person who's always looking out for just his kind will find something for the idle hands to do. Of course, he's in business, but it's his evenings that are the danger.' Then something changed the subject and the matter was dropped. But not from the new minister's mind. He could not get the fresh boyish face out of his thoughts, and planned to become acquainted at the first possible opportunity.

But it is the unexpected that always happens, and it was certainly most unexpected by the minister that he should run into Will Sumner literally and figuratively one stormy spring evening not a week later as he was taking his way home by the water side of the church and parsonage; and as he was by far the smaller and lighter of the two the meeting might have resulted disastrously for him had not Will caught and held him in his strong young arms till he had recovered his disturbed equilibrium. Then he loosened his hold, and, stepping back, pulled off his hat.

'I beg your pardon, sir' he said, his blue eyes twinkling in spite of all his efforts to the contrary; 'but I couldn't help it; I was afraid that you would go over if I didn't. I had on such a tremendous headway, you know.'

'I am sure that I am most grateful to you. You are evidently used to quick thinking and rapid action; and I am sure that you saved me a severe headache at the least; probably something more serious.'

'Football teaches a fellow a goodish bit of that sort of thing,' said Will, and then he drew a little to one side so that the gentleman might pass on. But it was at that moment, as the slight change of position brought his face into the light, that the minister recognized him.

'I have seen you before,' he said, holding out his hand. 'Is this not'— But his memory failed him.

'It is Will Sumner, at your service,' said the boy, with a polished little bow.

'Ah! then you are exactly the one I wanted to meet. I want some information that I am sure you can give me. It is unconventional, I know, but just imagine me a college man for the hour and come along home with me. But perhaps you might as well know that I am the new minister of the —— Street Church.'

'Mr. Russell? I have heard of you, sir.'

'Well, will you come with me? I will explain what I want you to tell me when we have had our supper. Oh! my wife will be delighted to meet you. Must you go home first?'

'No; not if you will take me as I am. My boarding-house is a mile away. I was just coming from there.'

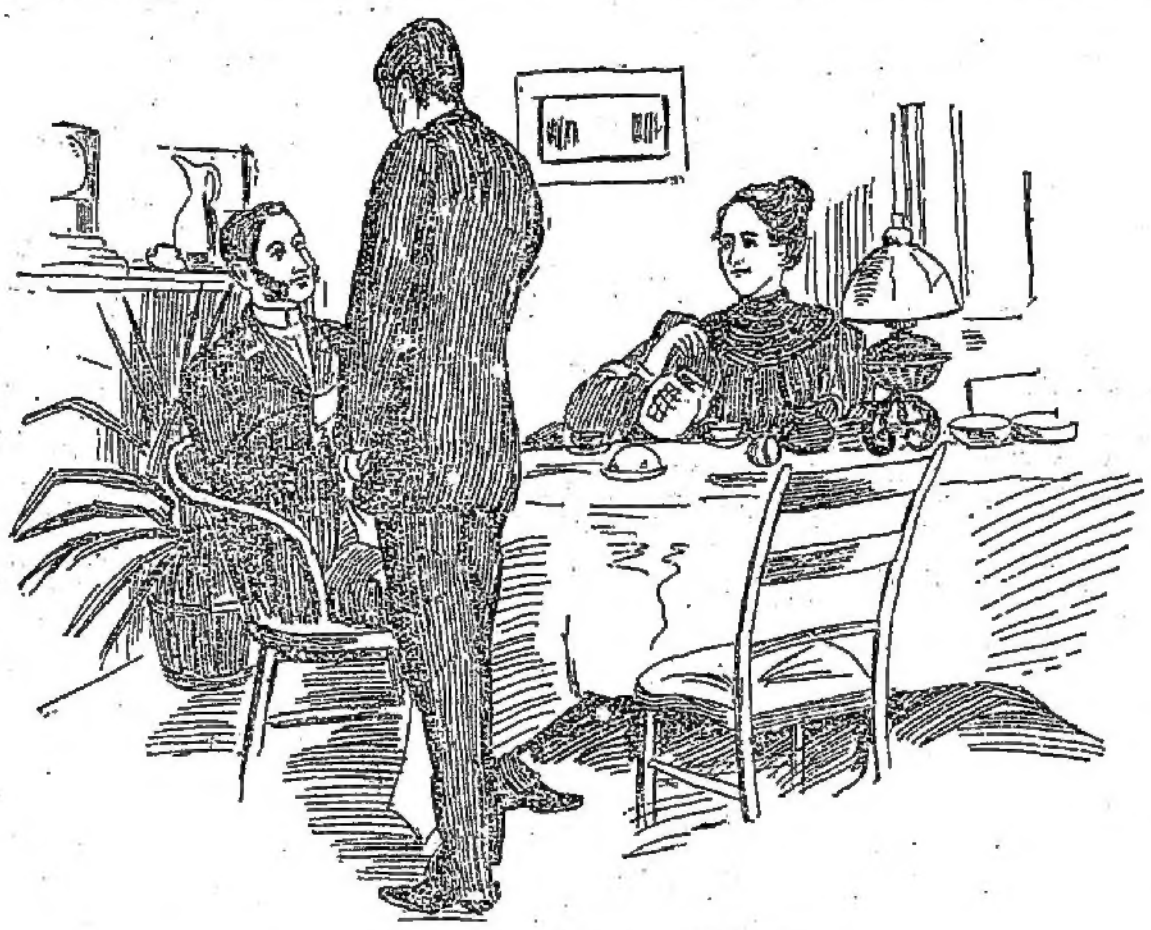
Now young Will Sumner did not look upon this invitation with unalloyed delight, but seeing no way to get out of it without rudeness he accepted with the best grace possible, and presently found himself being presented to a pretty little woman who looked up to him with kind, motherly eyes, and made him beautifully welcome.

'Katy, this is Mr. Sumner, and he is going to help me out with those mission boys of mine. Oh! I beg your pardon,' at the astonishment, and more, depicted in Will's face, 'I had forgotten that I had not made my explanation. You see,' when a few moments later they were seated at the cozy supper table, 'it was your mention of football that put the idea into my head. A lot of these fellows are wanting to get up a club, and came to me to see if I could give them a few hints. It is hardly necessary,' with a laughing glance down at his own slim figure, 'to state that I have never played; and though I used to watch with deepest interest at old Nassau, I do not know enough to turn coach; while you, perhaps, might be able to spend an evening in the vacant lots now and then, as the weather grows fit?'

'A Princeton man, sir!' cried Will. And the next instant he was at the minister's side, with his hand held out. 'I beg your pardon, Mrs. Russell,' he exclaimed, a moment later, blushing like a girl; 'but—your husband will understand that I couldn't help it!' And the boy's eyes were actually full of tears.

'Don't apologize to me!' cried the little woman with ready sympathy, her own eyes filling. 'I am almost as bad myself. Do you know,' a little shyly, 'that is where I first met Mr. Russell. I believe that I know it as well as either of you.'

Well, never did an evening glide away as that evening did; and if the foot-ball team had not proved a success, as it did, the next autumn, it would not have been Will Sumner's fault; and if Will Sumner had not proved a success in all the years which followed, which he did, and a splendid one, it would not have been the minister's fault. Both of them worked to win; and both of them won.'—'Forward.'



'A PRINCETON MAN, SIR!' CRIED WILL.

How Mrs. McLaughlin was Made Happy.

(By Belle Sparr Luckett.)

A True Story.

'I saw the happiest person in the whole city to-day,' said Miss Nelly.

'Where?' asked all the girls,

'Out at the almshouse hospital.'

Then all the girls laughed with Miss Nelly at the idea of finding this happiest person in all the city of Washington out at the almshouse, and in the hospital at that.

All the girls knew who Miss Nelly meant, and why this person was so happy. And that is what I am going to tell you. It is a real happening, and real things are so much nicer than 'made-up' things.

For nine years, in one corner of the white women's ward of the almshouse hospital in the District of Columbia, there has lived a little woman of fifty or thereabouts. All her friends and relatives that she had known when she was younger had died, and she was left alone, without a home. Then she was taken sick with a disease that made her lame and helpless, and so she came to live at the almshouse hospital.

She must have been a very pretty woman once, when she was young, for she is still 'good-looking.' Her hair is getting gray, and her brown eyes are growing a little dim, but her face has never lost its cheerfulness, nor her heart its tenderness.

'I'm a great deal better off than lots of other people,' she often says.

One day she confided to a friend who visited her a plan that she had long had in her heart. In the back of the little bible she often reads was a little picture. It was an advertisement cut from the newspaper, and was the picture of a man in a rolling chair.

'You see,' she said to her friend, 'some of my people give me a little money once in a while.'

She called the congregation to which she belonged 'my people.'

'I am saving every cent I can of that to buy me one of those chairs. If I had a chair like that I could get around myself, and go out of doors sometimes. I have almost two dollars saved up already,' she said joyfully.

The friend to whom she told this plan is the director of the intermediate department in one of the city Sunday-schools. The

next Sunday she told her boys and girls about it.

'What would you think of trying to save enough money ourselves to buy that chair?' she asked.

'Let's do it!' 'Let's do it!' 'We can do it!' came from every one present; for boys and girls love to do just such things.

So it was all planned right there. The boys said the girls could do without chewing gum and pickles, and the girls replied that the boys could save on snowballs and candy; for it was to be a real self-sacrifice gift.

The secretary of the department gave them each a strong envelope on which was written 'For the chair.' Into this their gifts were to be put.

At the end of the summer vacation the envelopes were all opened and the contents counted. It amounted to eleven dollars and four cents.

A committee visited a kind-hearted dealer, who consented to sell them a beautiful invalid's rolling chair for that amount.

The day after Thanksgiving a party of the boys and girls, and some of the teachers, went out to the almshouse hospital to present the chair.

An old man wheeled the chair to the door, then the boys and girls stood ready to roll it in at a signal from the director, who had gone inside to break the good news to Mrs. M——.

'O, you are just fooling me!' she cried, when her friend whispered in her ear that some friends had brought her the chair she had dreamed about so long.

Then the director opened the door, and in came the chair and the smiling children. They rolled it up beside the invalid, and all hands began helping her into it. Everybody was laughing except Mrs. M——; she was crying tears of joy and excitement.

If she had been a rich, beautiful queen, seated in a throne chair of solid gold, she could not have been happier or prouder.

'I can't believe it's true,' was all she could say. 'Can I roll it around?' she asked, as happy as a child. 'Oh, I can go out of doors now. I haven't been out of doors for years. I wanted to go out under the trees so much this summer. Now I can go, and I can go and see my friends, and go to church, too,' she said, wiping away the tears with her apron. 'If I'd known you were coming, I'd 'a put on my other dress,' she apologized, smoothing down her poor clothes.

Then she told about a great piece of misfortune that had befallen her a day or two before.

She kept her little savings in a small pocket-book, and a few days before, after having had her money out counting it over, she either misplaced it, or some one took it from her, as she had not been able to find it since.

'But I didn't accuse any one,' she said. 'I just thought I would try and bear it patiently, and God would make it all right; and he has—don't you see?' and she added, with a happy smile, 'God is so good to me.'

When the little party left, she was rolling away toward the sunny windows, where she had never been before, and following beside her were two or three poor old women, rejoicing in her happiness; for there was not one in that ward who had not been cheered by her kindness and encouraged by her patience. She can be seen any day riding here and there in the great wide ward, as happy as a princess, although she will never walk a step, and lives in the almshouse hospital: —'S. S. Times.'

If we believe the bible, there is penitence and pardon for every heathen soul in the world.—McLaurin.

Minding Mother.

Mary was going to use kerosene to kindle the fire, but her mother discovered it, and stopped her before she had poured the oil into the stove.

'You must never do that,' she said. 'You might set fire to your clothes and burn yourself terribly, or the house might burn. You understand me, Mary?—under no circumstances are you to kindle the fire with kerosene. Remember what I tell you.'

One day, not long after that, Mary was left at home alone, while her mother went to visit a sick neighbor.

'Start the fire about five o'clock if I'm not back before, and put the tea kettle on,' her mother told her when she went away.

Five o'clock came, and Mary tried to kindle the fire with shavings, but they burned out without seeming to set fire to the wood.

'I know what I'll do,' she said; 'I'll pour a little oil on the wood. Mother won't know.'

She got the can and began to pour some oil in the stove. The wood was not burning, apparently, but there was fire enough about it to ignite the oil as it streamed from the can. The blaze flashed up the little stream to the spout, and an explosion took place which covered Mary with burning fluid. She ran out of doors, screaming for help. Fortunately, a neighbor happened to be passing, and he came to the rescue. But she was so badly burned that she came near dying. When she got well, her face was disfigured for life.

'O, if I had only minded mother!' she often says, when she looks at her scarred face in the glass.

If she only had! But it's too late to think about that *now*. The mischief has been done, and she must bear the consequences of her disobedience.—Eben E. Rexford, in New York 'Observer.'

Getting Ready.

Do you know, boys and girls, that God has his own secret to tell you? Over and over again he has spoken to the heart of a child about the future, about what he wanted the child to be or to do, and how the child might, in the sunny days of childhood, and without losing one bit of merry, joyous, child-life, be getting ready for the years that lay before him.

The loving heavenly Father does not burden his little ones with great secrets that would spoil their childish years, but he tries to prepare them for the time when they will grow up.

I will tell you a story just to show you what I mean. I think you have heard the story before, but it fits so nicely, that I must tell it now.

When Queen Victoria was a little girl her wise mother carefully kept from her the fact that some day she would be Queen of England, but all the time she was training and teaching her how to be wise and clever and good, and doing her very best to prepare her for such an important position. By-and-by the time came when the mother thought the child ought to *know* the secret, so she let her find it out at her lessons one day. The very first thing the little girl said when she understood she would be Queen, was: 'I will be good, O, I will be good!' Perhaps if her mother had told her the secret before she had prepared her for it, the child would have said 'O, I will be great, I will be great.'

Dear boys and girls, no one is fit to be great until he is good. God may have a great work or a little work for you to do in the world, but whatever secret he is keeping for you, he is always saying to you, 'Be good, for that is the best way of preparing for the work I have for you to do by-and-by.'

Years ago a young girl said to me one evening, when we were walking and talking together, 'Do you know, I have a secret, which I haven't told anyone yet. I should like to tell you.' Of course, I was very pleased to listen.

'Well,' she said, 'ever since I was a little girl I have felt I must go to India when I grew up, and tell the poor people there about Christ. So I am working very hard at my lessons and doing all I can to get ready some day to go out.' Now, the girl who told me her secret is a grown-up young lady, and has been a missionary in India for two years, and how happy she is out there in spending her life for others, I could not tell you.

It is so sad to come across boys and girls who are just beginning life for themselves, and who are not ready for anything. They have never thought about getting ready for the real work of life; they have been so selfish, never giving a thought to others, never trying to help the sad, never lifting one little burden from people who are tired or sick, or poor; never putting their heart into their school work or any task they may have had to do, and so they go through life—unless they learn better by hard experience and trial, no good to themselves or others.

O, children, get ready, for you do not know what need God will have of you to help him in his great work of saving the world, and it will be ten thousand pities if one day he should call you to work which he had been keeping for you, and you should be obliged to say, 'Oh, God, I cannot do it, for I am not ready.'—A. F. Perram, in S. S. 'Chronicle.'

'Seen Too Oft.

Habit familiarizes with evil and diminishes the sense of it as well. A man that has been for half a day in some ill-ventilated room does not notice the poisonous atmosphere; if you go into it, you are half suffocated at first, and breathe more easily as you get used to it. A man can live amidst the foulest poison of evil; and, as the Syrian peasants get fat upon arsenic, his whole nature may seem to thrive by the poison that it absorbs. They tell us that the breed of fish that live in the lightless caverns in the bowels of some mountains, by long disuse have had their eyes atrophied out of them, and are blind because they have lived out of the light. And so men that live in the love of evil lose the capacity of discerning evil. And he that walketh in darkness becomes blind, blind to his sin, and blind to all the realities of life.—'Dr. McLaren.'

The Mother's Prayer.

(By Charles H. Dorris.)

Dear Lord,
I have a little lad,
He knows not how to live;
That I may guide his steps,
To me true wisdom give.

I ask not length of years,
That they shall many be;
Or he the world possess,
Without one thought of Thee.

I only ask, dear Lord,
That He may do Thy will
With gladsome heart, and so
Thy perfect law fulfil.

—Michigan 'Advocate.'

Bill's Purpose.

(By Mrs. Henry Crewe)

'I'll do it!'

The man who uttered these words might have been seen skulking stealthily along under a high wall enclosing a spacious kitchen-garden belonging to a beautiful estate on the borders of Surrey.

The hour was sunset. It was the brilliant glow of a fine evening that brightened all around; the reddened sky was reflected in flower and tree, giving them warmer tints than usual.

The leaves of the wood trees stirred gently in the breeze as this man crept on, his eyes turned towards the handsome country house, whose ancient gables carried the ivy of generations upon their surface, scanning every portion of it with careful and inquiring gaze.

He was tall and powerfully built, with limbs and muscles capable of work, that would have been the envy of many a man. The face had once borne a frank and honest expression, but now, alas, it was pale and emaciated. There was a wild look in his eyes that told of more than hunger and poverty. An observant eye could well read that bad habits and drink — that curse of England, as of many another nation—had done its terrible work upon Bill Saunders.

Presently the man reached an iron gate, an entrance in the wall towards the back of the mansion. Instinctively he drew back, lest any one should catch sight of his ragged garments. The next moment, however, perceiving that no one was in view, he pressed forward, and furtively laid his hand upon the fastening; but it did not yield to his pressure. The gate was securely locked. A dark look came into his eyes as they rested for an instant upon the peaceful beauty and luxury evident before him.

'I'll do it!' he said once more, adding a muttered oath, and feeling in his empty pockets. 'Why should a man like he, who does nothing, have a fine house and all he can wish for,' he ejaculated aloud, 'whilst my wife and children are starving? Ha! and I am starving, too'—with a bitter laugh, 'and haven't got a copper for gin. No, a man can't starve, just under the walls of the rich squire, too! He wouldn't care if the likes of me died at his door'; and with another oath he turned away into one of the wood-paths leading round the building, his heart full of wretchedness and godlessness.

Almost at the same moment Squire Norcliffe descended the broad steps leading from his front door in the company of a friend, the two turning in the direction of the wood opposite to that which Bill Saunders had followed.

'You have made many improvements in the place since I saw you last, Norcliffe; the gardens are looking more beautiful than ever.'

'Ha! I am glad you think so. You see, I try to employ as many men as possible.'

'Just like you—always thinking of others, never of yourself.'

'Well, you know, Burns, we are but stewards here below of that which God has given us. 'Twas his will that my dear father should leave me wealth, and it is my duty and my greatest pleasure,' he added, heartily, 'to devote that wealth, as well as my time, to the succor of those who are in less fortunate circumstances. 'I grieve to say,' he went on, 'my head gardener, a perfect treasure of a man, hard-working, sober, honest, tasteful, has fallen ill, and I have to be temporary manager myself. I fear his illness may be a long one, so I must find some one to work under me for a time.'

'Surely another head gardener is to be found without your tiring yourself to this extent?'

'But I do not intend to look for one. Please God he will get over it; meanwhile we shall go on as we can.'

'And what is your present hobby?' questioned Colonel Burns, as he gazed smilingly on the philanthropic friend who, in his opinion, good-natured man though he was himself, went too far in his habit of self-denial for the sake of those whose gratitude was often but skin-deep for all he did for them.

Squire Norcliffe laughed a pleasant laugh. 'My present hobby, as you call it, is building a labor home not far distant, a refuge for tramps out of work.'

'Tramps!' echoed his friend in a somewhat stern voice. 'They are often dangerous fellows to deal with.'

'True; but we must not forget that they have many temptations that do not fall to the share of a man who need not seek his daily bread.'

'Their want of work is frequently of their own making.'

'That I must allow; but, it is our duty, and ought to be our pleasure to lend them a helping hand."

Scarcely had he concluded his sentence when the fading sunlight that still illumined the road they trod was obscured for an instant, and in another moment Bill Saunders, who had just rounded a winding in the path, stood face to face with Squire Norcliffe. In his confusion the man strove to turn aside, but the brushwood around grew high; there was nothing for it but to make his way as best he could.

Both gentlemen eyed him closely as he approached. His appearance was not encouraging. The sight of them had aroused still deeper envy in his heart.

'Good evening, my friend,' said the squire kindly; but to this friendly greeting no response came in words.

Only a momentary glance of fierceness from beneath his shaggy brows rested on the man who wished to be his friend, as Bill strove to brush past him on the narrow pathway. The squire stopped.

'You appear to be tired, my man,' he went on. 'Is there anything I can do to help you?'

Yet no answer came, only the man stood still, and his head sank lower on his breast. Annoyed at his sullenness, and wondering at his friend's patience, Colonel Burns hastened on a few steps in advance.

'I will gladly help you if it is in my power to do so.'

What was there in that voice that impelled Bill suddenly to raise his head and meet the steady kindly gaze of Squire Norcliffe? Could this be the squire, he asked himself, the man whom but a few minutes before he had cursed in his heart, speaking with so much interest to a stranger, to one so dirty, so ragged as himself?'

'Are you the squire, sir?' he gasped.

'I am. Tell me—is it work you are in search of?'

'I have tried to get it,' he replied, evasively, 'but——'

'You have not succeeded? Poor fellow! Have you a wife and children?'

'I have. They are starving,' he burst out, 'starving—and so am I,' he added.

'You shall not starve, nor shall you want for work, if you are trying for it in good earnest. What is it you can do?'

'I was a gardener once, a head gardener,—and a still sadder look overspread the haggard face—'and lately I have been a laborer.'

'Ha! how came it that —— But never mind, you can tell me all that some other day,' he continued, on noting the despairing look on his companion's face.

'I will give you work myself, my head gardener is ill, and you shall take his place for the time being, if you can give me a satisfactory reference as to where you have been.'

'I served the Vicar of Bramleigh for seven years, sir.'

'What—my old college friend ! Then I will take you into my service at once, at least, until such time as my man has sufficiently recovered to be able to return to me. Are you willing?'

For an instant a flash of hope lighted up the eyes that were fixed in wondering incredulity upon his interlocutor's face, the next, he pressed his hands before them and uttered a deep groan. Squire Norcliffe eyed him in pitying silence. Suddenly Bill Saunders raised his head and stood erect before his benefactor. There were tears in his eyes, but the voice was steady that spoke his thoughts.

'Sir,' he said, 'I am grateful — oh, how grateful! — for your great kindness to me, but I cannot enter your service.'

The squire looked up in astonishment.

'No, sir; if you knew all you would not take me. God help me!' he continued, as the prayer of former days when he was young and happy, rushed into his mind.

'I should take you. Tell me all; make a clean breast of it as we walk towards the house. It is food and rest that you need, my poor fellow.'

The squire moved forward, motioning to his companion to follow.

Colonel Burns was far out of sight, and there, beneath the shadowing elm trees that stretched their branches over him as if for protection in the growing twilight, Bill told his tale, with none save God to witness his repentant confession.

It was a tale of former happiness, with a loving wife and rosy, sturdy children; a happiness destroyed by himself, as, drifting into bad companionship, he had gradually become a drunkard, loosened his home ties, neglected his little ones and their mother. He told how, after weeks and months of warning, the squire's friend had been at length obliged to discharge him; how he had from time to time been taken on as a laborer, but everywhere been sent away as a result of his drunken habits. Sinking lower and lower the family had gradually parted with all their once comfortable little possessions, until, reduced to starvation, wife and children had been taken into the workhouse, whilst he himself had become a wandering beggar.

'My man' — and Squire Norcliffe laid his hand upon his shoulder—'I am still ready to take you into my employment for your own, your wife's, and your children's sake. God will help you, if you ask him.'

A look of intense gratitude gleamed in the miserable man's eyes.

'Sir,' he said, 'I have something more to tell; something that will make you send me from you for ever, and then——'

Once more a flash of surprise was visible in Squire Norcliffe's countenance.

'Do you know, sir, what purpose was in my heart this evening?'—and his cheek grew ashy pale as he asked the question.

'I have not the slightest idea.'

'I came here, sir, to rob you, the rich squire, of whom I had heard talk!'

His companion started, yet gazed upon him with deepest interest and sympathy.

'Yes, I came to rob this house'—looking up at the peaceful spot with moistening eyes as he spoke. 'I was biding my time till night should come to find my way inside. It was for this I was waiting in the wood when I came upon you two gentlemen. 'Oh,' — he groaned aloud — 'what will become of me?'

The squire did not speak, his pity and emotion were too great for words.

'Can you forgive me, sir?' broke out the

wretched man. 'Oh, say that you will forgive me! God has forgiven me,' he went on, 'but you——'

'Yes, God has forgiven you, or you could not have confessed your every thought to me; and I forgive you with all my heart. Earnestly I pray that he who can alone give you strength will bless our meeting to-night. I am not afraid to take you under the shelter of my roof, knowing that henceforth you will, through God's mercy, be a better and a happier man; and I thank him for making me a humble instrument on your behalf. Say not another word. Your secret shall ever remain with me.'

How can we describe the joy, the intense thankfulness of Bill Saunders? This revulsion of feeling was almost greater than he could bear. But one short half-hour previously a miserable outcast, his heart full of sin and wretchedness, and now helped by the very man on whom he had intended to inflict so great a wrong. Oh, with what earnest prayer did he implore God in deep repentance that night to keep him in the right path, to bless his future efforts to bring back happiness to the wife and children he still loved, and to serve his benefactor to the best of his ability!

His prayer was heard.

The very next day saw him on his way to Bramleigh to fetch his family home once more, home to a bright little cottage covered with roses and honeysuckle, next door to the one occupied by the head gardener himself.

During his absence some fairy hand provided a good meal, lighted a fire, and made the kettle sing brightly to welcome them as he led his now happy wife through the open doorway. Before seating themselves to their repast, the parents and their two wondering boys knelt down to offer up grateful thanks for God's mercy shown them, and to pray for blessing on their future lives.

Bill Saunders has still a purpose in view, but it is the purpose of a sober honest man to do his duty; to serve first his God, and, through his help, his benefactor and master, Squire Norcliffe, whom he met within the woodland long ago.—'Light in the Home.'

Mary and 'The Lambs.'

(Rev. W. Bryson Forbush, in 'Endeavor Herald.')

'Our discouraged Missionary Committee'—this was the name by which they called themselves, and everybody acknowledged that it was appropriate. We had become so accustomed to hear Lucy Ellis, the convener, answer in decided accents, 'We have done absolutely nothing,' that our business meetings would have seemed incomplete without that terse, honest report. They acknowledged themselves the blot on our society's escutcheon.

It had not always been so. Before Ray Morton, now a missionary in Burmah, went away to college, he used to arrange missionary programmes that were so interesting that little Billy Benton, the bootblack, actually left off chasing the engine to a fire one evening in order to be able to attend and hear about 'de dwarfs dat have such small heads and big moufs dat dey swaller derselves,' which was his own preconception of certain natives of Central Africa. It is strange that the example of this warm-hearted enthusiast did not stimulate others to take up the work of providing fresh intelligence from the mission stations after he went away, even if none were stirred to offer themselves to the world-field. But is is always easy to be heroic by proxy, and so most of the missionary interest of the church had now passed into the quarterly meetings of 'The Female Cent Society'—(do pennies have sex?)—where Ray Morton's spicy letters were read, and where prayers were offered by Seth Sprawl that, so Lucy Ellis said, were long enough and covered ground enough to carpet the Annapolis valley.

It had not always been so, and, thank God, it did not forever remain so. We had in our society a mill boy named Frank Weaver. He was so modest and bashful that he was usually put on as the last member of some committee like the Flower Committee—that last resort for those who can't or won't do any work. But he was hardly to be ranked with the two classes just named for he was extremely regular at both society and committee meetings, and in a quiet way did very faithful work. Indeed, as Lucy Ellis said, if we could have held consultations with him by telephone, where he would not need to blush or stammer so, we should think that both his words and works were excelled by none. It was this same Frank Weaver who aroused our dormant Missionary Committee. Let it be no less to his credit to say that the result was due neither to his interest in missions nor in the Missionary Committee, for even Lucy Ellis has been heard to acknowledge that Frank Weaver was for one time so awakened from his modesty as to say in her hearing that if he had a mess of kittens that were as half dead as that Missionary Committee he would put them all in a bag and drop them over Falls Bridge.

It came about as follows: Frank Weaver lived in two worlds. At the church he was the humblest of all, but down on Front street close to the wharves, where his home was, he was a hero. There was not a small boy on the harbor front that did not adore Frank Weaver. This was so well known that when Frank ushered in a half dozen of these unkempt wharf rats into church one Sunday, some irreverent person was heard to whisper, 'Mary and the lambs.' I regret to say that this remark was repeated, and that Frank soon heard himself called by this familiar cognomen, while the lads retained a title not wholly in harmony with their only partially immaculate appearance and demeanor. I am glad to add that this did not interfere with his actions, but that he reappeared with his ragged boys every Sunday. We soon learned that Frank was, in a quiet way, a wonderful athlete, and that this had made him a natural leader round his home. Being naturally fond of younger companions, he had fostered the friendly feeling, and had become so interested in his dusty charges that he had fitted up a rough gymnasium in a vacant sail loft, where he gave weekly festivals of an athletic character and mustered his flock on Sunday to be washed and combed for church.

This action of Weaver's had a number of results. In the first place, the wealthy Mrs. Prendergast felt forced to surrender her pew in front of the Weavers, on account of the plebeian surroundings, and took a high seat in the synagogue of St. Frigia's. Her pew was promptly filled by Job Miller, his wife, and six children, who had not attended church for ten years; for Job, the rough blacksmith, said that he was glad to find that after all that poor people were welcome in one church. I understand that our pastor said he was glad of it. Another result was upon our Missionary Committee. Lucy Ellis called them together one day, and addressed them somewhat as follows:—

'Girls and boys—boy, I mean' (for Luke Sanders was the only one to whom that title applied—'have you noticed how regular 'the lambs' are in attendance on the Endeavor meeting, lately?'

'Yes,' said Julia Redding; 'it seems to be something new, too.'

'Well, they have suggested to me an idea for our committee work.'

'Our work?' said Helen Dane; 'do I understand you to imply that this committee works?'

'No,' but it is going to; that is, if you agree to what I am about to propose.'

'Well, go on.'

'We all know very well that as a committee we ought to be ashamed of ourselves. In the first place, we are not interested in the cause for which we are supposed to work. Now, among these poor people, the parents and brothers and sisters of these "lambs," is a real missionary field. If we could do something for them, would it not help to interest us more in the general subject of missions?'

'And what do you suggest?'

'I suggest that we form a Christian Endeavor society at the Front Street Mission.'

This created quite a sensation. Lucy Ellis went on to say that she had consulted our pastor about the plan, and that he heartily approved, only suggesting that we solicit the aid of delegations from all the Endeavor societies in our city union. This mission was a union enterprise on lower Front street, a long distance from any of the churches. It was truly an uncultivated field and we knew it needed workers.

So after talking the plan over we arranged to have a meeting with the superintendent of the mission the following Friday. On that day we met at his office. I must explain that the mission was conducted entirely by volunteer effort, and that the superintendent, Mr. Healey, was a dry goods merchant. We filed into the office, and Lucy Ellis, in a very attractive way, as I thought, presented our plan. To our surprise, Mr. Healey did not appear very enthusiastic. He certainly favored the idea. He said that he had long regretted that the mission was without a prayer-meeting of any kind, but that he and the teachers, who were mostly business men like himself, were only able to attend and give their time Sundays. He believed in the Endeavor Society, and felt that it was just the thing for the place and need, but—. He said 'but' four times. Finally he broke into a smile and added:—'Friends, I may as well add frankly that I have learned to be distrustful of all who offer themselves as helpers in our work. I don't like to say it, but I have fifty who come and offer to work to five who are willing to hold on. I want you to go ahead and start an Endeavor Society just as quickly as you can, but I want you to guarantee that it will be in running order six months from now, before you begin.'

'What do you mean, Mr. Healey?' asked Lucy Ellis. 'We are not prophets; we can't tell.'

'Yes, you can,' he replied pleasantly. 'If you stick six months the society will be all right, but I am afraid you won't. It is not romantic work. In fact, there is nothing picturesque about it. The people are not even interesting—until you love them. There are many disagreeable incidents and sights and—smells. Will you hold on for six months?'

Somewhat sobered and humbled, we agreed that we would. We went to work. At our first meeting we had a full room. Over a hundred dirty faces met us after we fathomed the depths of Front street mud and climbed the stairs to the assembly room. We had what I called a good meeting. Luke led, and opened with remarks on 'Temptation.' Our Endeavor quartette sang. Lucy Ellis spoke, and I spoke, and we sang again and the hour was up. On the whole, as I said, when we reviewed the evening, we thought we had made a good beginning. It

is true the people didn't seem to listen very well, a baby cried considerably, and some of the old people went to sleep. We took twenti-eight names for membership, all associate. The next week we had only sixteen present. At the close of the meeting, which was not very long, we felt rather discouraged. Frank Weaver, who had not attended the first meeting, was present. We confided our feelings to him afterward, and asked him what was the matter.

'Is this the k-kind of a m-meetin' you had last week ?'

'Yes,' said I, 'only a great many more were here. Why didn't they come to-night ?'

'Th-that's the reason,' said he briefly.

'What's the reason ?' said I.

He went on to express the opinion, I believe, in somewhat plain terms, that we were talking them to death. In disgust, we appointed him the next leader, promising to to back him up.

'If you w-want to b-back me up, k-keep your m-mouths shut,' said he, as he turned away.

This is how he led the meeting. He took a seat about half way down the room, for everybody was trying to sit on the last seat. His 'lambs' were in a row in front of him. He gave out several stirring hymns. Then he asked Lucy Ellis to pray. Then they sang again. Then he gave out the topic and read the lesson and spoke about half a dozen halting sentences on the topic, which was 'What have I to be thankful for ?' Then those blessed 'lambs' got up one after another and read—did I say read ?—tried to read a verse a-piece, and sat down perspiring. But it set the meeting going, for, before we knew it, he had us telling in one sentence what we were grateful for, until the meeting was an hour long when we thought it hadn't been twenty-five minutes.

And all this is what stirred up our Missionary Committee. Of course we had plenty of discouragements. At our first business meeting nobody would take an office or serve on a committee, but 'the lambs,' at a signal from Frank, came to the rescue then and later, with military promptness. And so on. But I must not give you the history of the new society, for it is not very old even now ; besides, I am telling you about our committee this time. It did us a world of good. We got discouraged, but, as Lucy Ellis said, it was better to be discouraged in doing something than in doing nothing ; and we got over it. We held a missionary meeting in the home society. We called it a 'Cosmopolite meeting.' We had a Chinese laundryman from the mission Chinese department of two members (my class), a Norwegian who had been converted in the mission, a Polish sailor, and a poverty-stricken German teacher. Our room was crowded, and they said it was the best meeting for months, or years, I forget which. And the best of it was, we were becoming really interested in missions. Our work at home had broadened both mind and heart, and we hold a banner this year for proportionate giving.

'And what was the cause of all this change ?' a stranger asked Lucy Ellis. And she answered gravely :—

'"'Cause Mary loves 'the lambs,' you know,
The teacher did reply."'

Glimpses of Duty.

(By William T. Ellis, in 'Forward.')

Every Christian can make a mission field. A fifteen-year-old Minnesota Endeavorer, soon after her conversion, gathered about her a dozen of her younger playmates and began a bible-class that has continued for months. This service appealed to her as one of the pledge's 'whatevers.'

Linda Harman's Dilemna.

(By Margaret E. Sangster.)

'If you are to do those people any good, Linda,' said Miss Mackenzie, standing with her back to the door, and holding her parasol firmly in her hand, now and then brandishing it as an emphatic gesticulation showed how much she was in earnest, 'you must go and live among them. This luxury, this garden, these rugs and couches and easy chairs are not for you. The Lord's servant must endure hardness. You cannot be a sybarite, Linda, and save souls. And the souls in Dearborn Court are crying out that no man cares for them. Linda, take care how you disregard the Lord's call.'

'I am sure, Cousin Harriet, all that I want is to see my way clearly,' answered Linda with spirit. 'I do not care for state and splendor. The beautiful things in my home reproach me when I think of the poverty in the world. But I am not responsible for the furnishing of this mansion. Father and mother and brother Dick have done this, and my little room, as you know, is as plain as an anchorite's cell. I love those poor girls at the Court, and I long to work for them and live among them. But am I to disobey my own father, and leave my mother who needs me, that I may preach and teach the keeping of the Ten Commandments, in lanes and alleys, where there are no homes like mine ? I must see my way first, Cousin Harriet.'

'"He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me,"' repeated the elder lady solemnly. 'Linda, how will you answer him in the judgment day, when he asks you why you scorned his little ones, and chose the primrose path ?'

There came an interruption. A low and discreet knock, as of one who forebore to break upon a conversation, but acted under orders, made itself heard. 'Come in,' said Linda, and Jane entered. Jane, her mother's maid, black-gowned, white-capped, and pale-faced. A girl who looked tired to death, but steadfast not the less. Jane, though only an obscure maid-servant, was a person of strong sense and real character, and while she adored Miss Linda, she disapproved of Miss Mackenzie, whose philanthropic movements, so far as they had to do with Linda Harman, were equally frowned on by every one in the household, from the Judge himself to the small boy in buttons who attended the door.

'Your mother, Miss Linda, is took with one of her spells, and wants you as soon as you can come, please,' said Jane. Mrs. Harman's spells were not to be disregarded, and Miss Mackenzie took her leave.

Nobody who had met Linda, as, three hours later, wan, white and weary, she emerged from her mother's chamber of pain, would have fancied that the young girl trod a primrose path. In fact, there were days when the mother's life seemed to hang on a slender thread, and the least excitement, the least over-exertion, might precipitate its breaking. Then there would be periods of comparative comfort, and the lady would be marvellously well, and undertake her usual tasks, and see the friends she dearly loved, but always there was for her family the danger in the background. They never knew at what hour there might be a catastrophe.

Linda, whose piety was as simple-hearted as a child's, and whose charm was that of a sweet flower, a lily or a rose not lovelier, had developed great power over other girls. She had the rare gift of conciliating the rudest, and in the Working Girl's Club, to which she had consecrated much of her endeavors, nobody sang or talked, or pleased the members as she did. Many a girl, toiling in the stifling atmosphere of a factory, was strengthened and aided through the week by what her friend, Miss Harman, had said in the social evening at the Club.

Latterly Miss Mackenzie and others had been desirous that a girl like Linda, rich and beautiful, and highly accomplished, should take up missionary work among such girls as those who came to the Club, living at the settlement near them, and devoting her whole life, instead of a part, to their service.

Linda's mother, however, while not saying or even looking anything in opposition, felt that she had a claim on her daughter.

As Linda bent over her, fanning her softly, when the spasm of acute anguish passed off, on this afternoon of Miss Mackenzie's call, Mrs. Harman whispered :

'I—can't—be—a stumbling stone, dear, but wait—till God takes—your mother.'

There are girls among those who read this story able to comprehend Linda's dilemma. To such my word is, 'Duties are never in antagonism.' A girl should weigh the matter well, however, before she chooses between a plainly manifest need of her in her own household, and a probably excellent opening for her in another field.

I am glad that Linda wrought out her problem over her bible and in her closet. Next day she wrote to her cousin : 'All that I can do, plus the work in my own home, I will do, but I cannot abandon my own dear mother, nor trust my home vineyard to other hands than mine. I am sure that my place is here.'

A few days ago I saw a happy throng of girls in Linda's drawing-room. They had a half-holiday, and Linda invited them to be her guests, and gave them a delightful entertainment. The lively home was lovely for these girls to enjoy. The bric-a-brac, the books, the pictures, the rugs, the music enhanced their pleasure. And I thought it was as well perhaps that they should come to Linda as that Linda should go to them.—'Christian Herald.'

The Power of a Hymn.

A Scotch soldier was dying in New Orleans when a Scotch minister came in to give him the consolations of the Gospel. The man turned over on his pillow, and said : 'Don't talk to me about religion.'

Then the Scotch minister began to sing a familiar hymn of Scotland, beginning with the words :—

'Oh, mother, dear Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee ?

He sang it to the tune of 'Dundee,' and everybody in Scotland knows that ; and as he began to sing the dying soldier turned over on his pillow, and said to the minister: 'Where did you learn that ?'

'Why,' replied the minister, 'my mother taught me that.'

'So did mine,' said the dying Scotch soldier ; and the very foundation of his heart was upturned, and then and there he yielded himself to Christ.

Oh, the irresistible power of a hymn ! Luther's sermons have been forgotten, but his 'Judgment Hymn' sings on through the ages.—'Christian Scotsman.'

How Drunkards Are Made.—'I'll tell you what,' said a barman, 'half the children who come here drink. That is how drunkards are made. Their fathers and mothers send them for beer, they see the old folks tipple, and they begin to taste the beer themselves. Then, after that, not one of them ever carries the full pint home.'

'It's Only a Play.'

Here are children seven—
Four girls and three boys—
All trooping along
With laugh, song and noise.
'Oh! for where are you bound?'
I hailed to small Clem.
'We're going,' said he
'To Je-ru-sa-lem.'
'But it's only a play;
So the others did say.
—Greta Bryar, in 'The Sunbeam.'

Roy's Lesson.

(By Kate S. Gates.)

It was such an opportunity, and such a temptation!

You see Roy wanted a pair of skates. All last winter he had watched the other boys so wistfully and longingly, and all summer he had been trying to earn money enough to get some.

But he had not gotten along very fast. There was not much that he could do, and when school began in the fall, he had to use what he had toward a pair of shoes.

He was beginning to be anxious for fear he might not be able to get the skates this winter, when Joe Parsons, who was moving away, offered his for sale at nearly half-price.

But even then Roy had not enough by twenty-five cents, and Joe would not take a cent less.

It was useless to ask for the money at home; work was slack, and times hard, it was all his father could do to get enough to feed and clothe them. Roy thought and thought, but do his best he could not see any way to raise that quarter, and yet it seemed to him that he could not lose this chance, for Joe's skates were 'regular beauties.'

That night, as he tossed restlessly about, unable to sleep, an idea suggested itself to him.

He was treasurer of the Junior Christian Endeavor. What harm could there be in borrowing a quarter of the money, he could earn it and pay it back before it was wanted.

Roy knew perfectly well from the first instant that it was wrong, but he kept thinking about it, and trying to persuade himself that there was no harm in it. 'Mr. Clark wants me to do errands almost every Saturday, and Mrs. Clapp has something for me to do every week. I'll be earning something all the time, and I'll put every cent I earn there until I've paid it up. If Joe would wait, of course I wouldn't touch it. But long as I mean to pay it all back, I don't see what harm there can be taking it.'

'There is harm,' whispered Conscience, 'because it isn't right, you know it isn't. You would not want anybody to know you had done it, would you? But God will know, you cannot hide it from him. It is wrong, don't think of it another minute.'

Roy shut his eyes and said he wouldn't, but it was not two minutes before he was thinking how much nicer Joe's skates were than what he had expected to get.

'And they'll be cheaper, too, and I'll earn the difference, and give that to the Society, so they'll make something lending me the quarter. I don't see why that won't make it all right, and be better for them. They'd tell me to take it if they knew, but of course I couldn't go and call a meeting just for that.'

The longer Roy thought, the more reasons he found to justify him, and Conscience remonstrated more and more feebly.

The result was that the next day, he took his money and a quarter from the Society's, and started for Joe's. But he did not feel right at all. He slipped out of the house without saying anything to his mother, and he did not want to meet any one he knew.

It seemed to him that everybody he passed could see that ill-gotten quarter way down in his pocket, and would know that it belonged to the Junior Christians.

He was almost to Joe's when some one called his name, and there was Mrs. Roberts, his Sunday-school teacher. Roy's heart almost stopped beating, he was so frightened. Could she know? Oh, dear, what had made him do it, he was sure to be found out! How sorry she would look, and mamma too!

The skates were not worth it, after all, and even if he earned the money and paid it back, wouldn't he feel ashamed and afraid of being found out in some way? They would turn him out of the Society, probably, and he would be disgraced for life.

Roy thought fast for a minute or two, then he turned and ran back home as fast he could, leaving Mrs. Roberts to wonder what ailed her usually gentlemanly little scholar.

As for Roy, he did not stop until the troublesome quarter was back in the Society box.

'There,' he said in a tone of relief, 'I don't care—much if I never have any skates I'm not afraid to see Mrs. Roberts nor any one else now.'

That night he confessed to his mother when they had their little good-night talk.

'I knew, all the time, way down inside of me,' he said, 'that it wasn't right, but I kept trying to think it was, because I wanted the skates so bad. But I thought if I'd got to be so ashamed and afraid, it wouldn't pay. If I'd just stopped thinking about it to begin with, I'd been all right.'

'That is just it, Roy,' said his mother, earnestly, 'if we would not parley with the tempter, we would be all right. He comes knocking at the door of our hearts, and if we open it even just the least bit and talk with him, he is pretty sure to get in. The only safe way, is

not to listen to him, nor give him any chance. He will always try to make us think it is all right, but whenever he keeps saying there is no harm, you will be quite sure to hear Conscience say it is wrong, if you listen for her.'

'I know it,' answered Roy, 'that is just the way it always is, and the next time I'll try to just stop my ears, and not listen to a word Satan says, because if I listen I'm pretty sure to do it, and then I'm always sorry.'—'Christian Work.'

Bunny.

(A story that was told me when I was a little girl.)

So there was a hole in the big oak tree on the edge of the wood, and a whole family lived in that hole. There were Mr. and Mrs. Squirrel and their five little Squirrels; Creep and Peep, and Bushy and Gray and Bunny. One day Father and Mother Squirrel had to go out to see if there were any nuts fallen yet on the ground, and bring some home, if they could find any, for the little squirrels to eat. They told all the little squirrels to be good while they were gone, and told Creep, the eldest, who was a very discreet young squirrel, that she must take care of the others.

So when they had gone, and the little squirrels were left by themselves, Creep was good, and Peep was good, and Bushy and Gray were good; but Bunny was naughty. She pushed Peep against Creep and Bushy against Gray, and said that they were crowding her and that she hadn't room to play. She wished she had a hole all to herself without any brothers and sisters.

So when Father and Mother Squirrel came home they asked Creep if all the children had been good, and Creep said that she had been good, and Peep had been good, and Bushy and Gray, but Bunny had been naughty. Then Father and Mother Squirrel were very sorry, and Father Squirrel said, 'I think we'll have to punish Bunny,' and Mother Squirrel said. 'I'm afraid she'll have to be punished.' So Father Squirrel took Bunny and ran down the tree with her and told her to come after him, and they both ran into the wood. Rustle, rustle, over the dry leaves, patter, patter, patter, over the soft earth, until they came to a big chestnut tree, and Father Squirrel ran up the trunk, and poor Bunny climbed up after him, and her father took her in his paws and dropped her into a hole, and he said to her, 'You are to stay here, Bunny, and I will come for you by-and-by.' Then he scampered down the tree, and poor Bunny heard him going far away, patter, patter over the soft earth, rustle, rustle, rustle over the dry leaves, until she couldn't hear him any more at all. Then she sat down and cried. She cried for a long while and then she began to think that if she were at home again she would not push her brothers and sisters. She didn't like to be in a

hole alone. She thought she would like to have somebody crowd her. Then she got up and looked round the hole. It was rather a big hole. Not so big as the one at home. In one corner she found two nuts, and she cracked them and eat them, but that wasn't enough for supper, and she began to feel hungry. Then she climbed up to the opening of the hole, and looked out to see if father was coming. She thought he was a long time away. It was getting dark, and she wondered if he would forget her. It was getting cold, and a cold drop fell on her nose and frightened her; it was beginning to snow. So she drew her head in and sat down in a corner and cried again. By-and-bye she thought she heard something out in the woods, and she was frightened because she didn't know what it was. Then she listened, and she thought she had heard that sound before; rustle, rustle, rustle over the dry leaves, patter, patter, patter on the soft earth. Then she heard a scampering up the tree, and Father Squirrel looked in at the hole. He said, 'Are you good now, Bunny?' and Bunny said, 'Oh yes, father, I'll try to be good if you'll only take me home.'

Then Father Squirrel lifted Bunny out and they scampered home together. Patter, patter, patter over the soft earth, rustle, rustle, rustle over the dry leaves, till they came to the old oak tree, and ran up to the hole where Mother Suirrel and all the brothers and sisters were waiting to see Bunny again. And Mother Squirrel kissed her, and then Father Squirrel kissed her, and all the others told her they were so glad she had come back. And they all had their supper together, and went to bed so happily in the dear old hole, Father and Mother Squirrel, and Creep and Peep and Bushy and Gray and Bunny.—E. M. C., in 'Children's Own Paper.'

Shine Where You Are.

Would you have the world better and brighter?
Then light up the way as you go;
Make some little part of it lighter
With beams from your life's steady glow.

Make the world that you live in your debtor,
As through it you journey along;
Be good, and the earth will grow better;
Do right and the right will grow strong.

Trim the lamp that is left to your keeping,
And fan it with breezes of hope,
Lest shadows your life overcreeping,
Leave others in darkness to grope.

—'Morning Star.'

We have all run away from the Good Shepherd, and every naughty little thing that we have done has taken us farther and farther from Jesus. Besides getting angry very often, we have done so very many other things that are naughty, haven't we? What a long way, then, we must have strayed away from Jesus! What a long way it will be back to him, won't it? No; stop a moment. Had the little sheep to go far back to the shepherd? No distance at all, had it? But why was that? Because the shepherd went after the sheep all the way it had wandered. And so Jesus has followed you, dear little child, and it is not far back to Jesus, because he has come to seek you.—Sermon by Missioner Stephens.

Tobacco Catechism.

THE COST OF TOBACCO.

(By Julia Colman, National Temperance Society, New York.)

LESSON IV.

Q.—If tobacco does so much mischief, why do people use it?

A. Because, as they say, it makes them 'feel-good.'

Q.—How do you account for the good feeling?

A.—The nerves when deranged and diseased by tobacco, feel bad, but a little more tobacco stupifies and quiets them for a while.

Q.—Some people will ask, 'what, then, is tobacco made for?' How will you answer them?

A.—If I do not know what tobacco is made for, that is no reason why I should eat it, or use it in any way.

Q.—Does the use of tobacco cost much?

A.—Not at first; and the user fancies that it never will cost him much; but the appetite demands more and more, till it sometimes costs him hundreds of dollars a year.

Q.—How much is spent in the United States for tobacco?

A.—It is estimated at eighty millions of dollars a year or more.

The 'Black Swan's' Temperance Sermon.

George Wilson was a true Band of Hope boy, and being naturally of a kind and generous disposition soon made friends wherever he went. Although he had a great many lessons to prepare for school, he attended the weekly Band of Hope meeting most regularly, and, what was more wonderful still, took an active part in those meetings. The choice of his readings and recitations showed how dear the cause of temperance was to his young heart; while the happy, earnest manner in which they were delivered aroused the interest of his hearers.

One afternoon, on his way home from school, George Wilson called to see his Aunt Jessie, who resided at the opposite end of the town from where his parents lived. Right across from her house stood a large public-house called the 'Black Swan.' As George passed on, he involuntarily raised his eyes to the sign above. The picture represented a black swan sailing majestically on the surface of a large stream. On either side of the bright, sparkling water grew tall rushes, while overhead the blue sky revealed itself here and there through the fleecy clouds. How cool and happy the swan looked! George Wilson wished with all his heart that the frequenters of that tavern were as happy and innocent. When he again passed the 'Black Swan,' on his way home George heard the jingle of glasses and the clink of money as it dropped into the publican's till, and longed for the time when he would be a man and better able to fight the giant — Strong Drink.

Several nights after the above incident had occurred George read the following couplets:

'Water sweet, and clear and cool,
Has no cruel chains for me.

Water, sweet and clear and cool,
Makes no man a slave or fool.'

'That's capital,' he exclaimed, 'and oh! — Yes, I'll risk it.'

'What's this, now, George?' asked Mrs. Wilson, looking up from her sewing as she spoke.

In his momentary excitement he forgot that his mother was beside him, but answered her question by reading the couplets aloud, a crimson glow overspread his face as he continued, 'An idea has just now occurred to my mind that Mr. Kemp's 'Black Swan,' could preach a splendid temperance sermon if these lines could only be put into its mouth. It seems to me they've been written for that very purpose.'

'I don't see how you could accomplish that without getting into trouble,' answered Mrs. Wilson.

He was clever with his pen and pencil, so when Saturday came he remained busily occupied in the small apartment he called his study. His mother wondered why he was not enjoying himself out of doors as usual, but when she caught sight of his happy face she did not trouble on his account.

The next time George Wilson visited his Aunt Jessie he carried with him a small parcel, carefully concealed under his jacket. Before leaving, he surprised Mrs. Stewart by asking if he might have the use of his Uncle Jack's ladder for a few minutes.

'Whatever do you want a ladder for?' You're not going to be up to housebreaking, surely?'

'No, no,' laughed George, 'there's no mischief intended, I assure you. Will you please let me have the ladder?'

'Oh, yes; you know I trust you, George.'

Mrs. Stewart handed him the key of the cellar, and giving him also a lighted candle, said, 'There you are now, You've been in my cellar often and will easily find what you want.'

George was soon inside, and hastily untied his parcel. It contained a good sized placard on which certain words were neatly and boldly printed. He coated the back of it with extra strong hold-fast gum, and then went to see if the coast was clear on the opposite side of the street. Satisfied with the result of his outlook, he returned, and proceeded to carry out the remaining part of his scheme. To set his ladder, mount it, and affix his placard firmly to the bill of the 'Black Swan,' was the work of a very few minutes.

Mr. Kemp, the owner of the 'The Black Swan,' lived above the shop. Next morning, after breakfast, Mrs. Kemp, in passing the parlour window, observed several persons standing gazing up at their sign, and who, instead of entering thereafter, turned away smiling. Thinking they must be strangers, she waited and watched a little longer. Soon Mr. Martin and Mr. Elliott, two well-known townsmen, passed down the street, Behind them came Sandy Robb, whom she knew would not pass their door. As he stepped on to the pavement in front of the shop he looked up, and in a minute or two his loud laugh caused Mr. Martin and Mr. Elliott to turn round in time to hear the following comments:—

'That's a good joke, too, Who in the world has had the courage to do that, I wonder?'

When Sandy Robb was out of sight, the two men retraced their steps and read:—

'Water, sweet and cool and free,
Has no cruel chains for me.
Water, sweet and clear and cool,
Makes no man a slave or fool.'

'That's the work of some plucky teetotaler, sure enough,' said Mr. Martin.

'Yes, but it is doubtful if that plan will benefit any of those poor deluded mortals,' answered Mr. Elliott, with a significant shake of his head.

Mrs. Kemp witnessed this proceeding and overheard Sandy Robb's words before he entered the bar, and could scarcely restrain her curiosity. By the time she was free from household duties, and ready to go downstairs a crowd had assembled on the street. Mrs. Kemp now dreaded lest her own husband was the cause. But when she reached the back parlour she saw that he was busy serving, quite unconscious of what was going on outside. Soon Sergeant Munro's well-known voice was heard exclaiming—

'Good-morning, John, you've been improving your sign, I see.'

'My sign,' he repeated in surprise. 'I've had nothing done to my sign for over two years. I've found it to be attractive enough, seeing my business is still steadily increasing.'

Turning round as he spoke, Mr. Kemp caught sight of the people outside, and was about to go to the door, when the Sergeant, in his commanding voice, cried, 'Attend to your business, please, and let me have my brandy and soda.'

Thus reminded, Mr. Kemp apologized, and waited until his wife came to relieve him of his duties. No sooner did Mrs. Kemp appear, than out he went to see what was going on. A loud laugh greeted his appearance, but, nothing daunted, Mr. Kemp stepped on to the road, to survey his premises. He instantly caught sight of George Wilson's placard, and, as he read the words, his color came and went.

'"The Black Swan" is preaching a grand temperance sermon to-day, and no one dare say he doesn't practice what he preaches,' observed one of the by-standers, loud enough for Mr. Kemp to hear.

The poor publican re-entered his shop wearing an injured air, but he treated the matter more lightly than anyone expected. Mrs. Kemp was furious, and would have had the card taken down immediately. But her husband thought it better to wait till the crowd had dispersed. Many were the conjectures as to who could do such a daring thing, but the publican boldly asserted that it would do him no harm. 'Some teetotal fool has been at the bottom of it, no doubt, and let who will enjoy the joke. A poor world, indeed, this would be, if teetotalers had their will. But I, for one, am not afraid of their influence.'

Mr. Kemp had reason to change his mind, however, when, at the end of the following week, Richard Gibson, his best customer, after settling his usual score triumphantly exclaimed—

'Now, sir, that's the last money I ever intend paying you. I'm to be a fool no longer.'

'Who said you were a fool?' asked Mr. Kemp, in surprise.

'I say it myself.' Look at me and see if I haven't been a fool to spend my hard-earned wages on that which brings me no return save misery and want. In future I intend spending my money to better advantage.'

'So you've turned teetotal! Well, well, anyone after you, Dick. These temperance bigots will hold nice rejoicings over you,' sneered the publican.'

'Temperance bigots! Whom do you mean? I haven't seen one of them,' replied Richard.

'Oh, indeed; then who induced you to sign the pledge.'

'No one, sir. I haven't signed yet. I see you don't believe me, but it is true all the same. The only pledge I agreed to is a secret one between my Maker and myself, by whose strength I hope to keep true to my promise. The only temperance bigot I know of that has had anything to do in the matter is your own black swan. I never thought about the cause of the misery we are all living in at home until I read the words which someone must have fastened to its bill. Now, sir, continued Richard, I'll bid you good-bye.'

Facing, his old associates, who had been listening in amazement, to his conversation with the publican, he said brightly, 'Farewell, mates!

"Water, sweet and clear and cool,
Makes no man a slave or fool." '

Richard Gibson then turned and left the 'Black Swan,' never to enter it again. Despite of the many unkind prophecies, that Richard would find it impossible to live without whskey, he has bravely kept his resolution.

If George Wilson could have seen the change in the Gibson's home he would have felt more than rewarded for the care and anxiety he experienced in obeying the dictates of his conscience. He felt convinced that God had put the thought into his heart, and so his work was not in vain. Mrs. Gibson and the children are now well cared for, and each face beams with happiness. Their youngest boy, Harry, is never tired of hearing his father tell the story of 'The Black Swan' that preached a temperance sermon.—'League Journal.'

Revive Them.

'There is great need of a revival of old-fashioned temperance. The antique in other things has become fashionable; old-fashioned houses are in great demand, and old-fashioned furniture is much sought for. Old fashioned temperance laid great stress upon individual appeal for total abstinence. One by one the pioneer temperance army was recruited as pledged total abstainers. These pledged recruits were obtained in large numbers in meetings, held in churches, halls, school-houses, and lodge-rooms, wherein the reason for total abstinence was given by a careful and thorough analysis of the evil nature and effects of strong drink itself. In this respect the old-fashioned temperance meetings were a most helpful school of education to multitudes by whom they were attended. Let them be revived.' —'National Temperance Advocate.'

LESSON VII.—August 15, 1897.

Abstaining For the Sake of Others.

I. Cor. viii., 1-13.

A TEMPERANCE LESSON.

Read Chapters viii., ix., and x. Commit verses 12, 13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'For none of us liveth to himself.'—' Rom. xiv., 7.

Home Readings.

M. I. Cor. viii., 1-13.—Abstaining for the Sake of Others.
T. I. Cor. ix., 1-27.—Christian Self-restraint Enjoined.
W. I. Cor. x., 1-14.—'Beloved, Flee from Idolatry.'
Th. I. Cor. x., 15-33.—We should seek the Good of Others.
F. Rom. xiv., 1-23.—We should help the Weak in Faith.
S. Gal. v., 13-26.—' By love serve One Another.'
S. Gal. vi., 1-18.—' Let us do Good unto all Men.'

Lesson Story.

We have to-day a portion of one of the letters written by Paul to the Church at Corinth. A church in one of the most wicked cities of the world, formed chiefly of men and women newly converted from the worst kind of lives, heathen, who had been brought up without any right teaching. Taught wickedness in the service of their idols, these people at first could not understand how to serve God by pure, true lives. They had much need of instruction and admonition, Paul counsels them gently, tenderly and faithfully.

There had been some difficulty in the church about eating meats which had been offered to idols, some held that it was wrong to do so, others held that since the idol was really nothing in itself, the meat was not changed in any way by being offered to it, therefore one kind of meat was as good as another. Paul writes to them that the way to settle all these difficulties is to live in love, acting charitably, lovingly. He took the trouble to find out exactly what their different thoughts were and to explain to the strong, wise ones why they ought to be loving and careful of their weaker brethren. Better for them to go without the things that were harmless to them, than to stumble the weak brother whose conscience would not allow him to partake of these things. Love solves all problems. Lack of love to our weak brethren is lack of love to Christ. 'Wherefore if meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend.'

Lesson Hymn.

Why do you wait, dear brother?
Oh, why do you tarry so long?
Your Saviour is waiting to give you
A place in his sanctified throng.

What do you hope, dear brother,
To gain by a further delay?
There's no one to save you but Jesus;
There's no other way but his way.

Do you not feel, dear brother,
His Spirit now striving within!
Oh, why not accept his salvation?
And throw off thy burden of sin,

Why do you wait, dear brother?
The harvest is passing away;
Your Saviour is longing to bless you:
There's danger and death in delay.

Lesson Hints.

'Things offered unto idols'—The social life of the heathen was closely interwoven with their religious rites, feasts were continually being made of those meats which had been dedicated to idols. Meats and food of all kinds were used in the worship of these idols. 'We all have knowledge'—we understand about these things, we know that meat is not changed by being offered to an idol. 'Knowledge puffeth up'—like a soap bubble, 'but charity edifieth'—in other words, 'love buildeth up,' solidly. Knowledge may make a fine large appearance, but it is hollow, only a puff, whereas love may not make such an appearance, but what there is of it is a good solid well-built structure.

'He knoweth nothing'—no man can have all knowledge, and if he thinks he has, it is but a proof of his lack of knowledge. The more one knows, the more one sees there is to know. 'If any man love God'—'If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar: for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?'—(I. John iv., 20.) 'Their conscience, being weak, is defiled'—burdened with a sense of sin. If they considered that eating the meat was performing an act of worship to the idol, they did wrong to eat. It is wrong to go against one's conscience. 'Meat commendeth us not to God'—it makes no difference what kind of food we eat, if it is good and wholesome it nourishes our bodies and strengthens us for God's service. Drinking is quite another matter, we cannot take a glass of intoxicating liquor without poisoning and defiling the body which God has said shall be his temple. (I. Cor. iii., 16, 17.) Each offence against conscience is a blow which will hasten its death.

'Liberty'—We all have liberty and free will, if we choose to injure and poison our own bodies we may think that is our business. But 'no man liveth to himself' and we cannot do wrong, or even some things which we hold to be right, without becoming a 'stumbling block to them that are weak.' Our Saviour said, 'whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea.' (Matt. xviii. 6.) 'Through thy knowledge shall thy weak brother perish for whom Christ died?'—Christ died to save these men, are you willing that they should be lost because of your selfish indulgence. Even if you think that drinking is perfectly right and safe for you, would you not rather give it up than see your brother and sister lose their lives and their souls by partaking too freely of it? It has been said that the bible does not say, 'thou shalt not drink,' neither does it say 'thou shalt drink,' and if we cannot look on it as a duty, we may look on it as a glorious privilege to abstain for the sake of others and for the sake of Christ.

Search Questions.

What sin leads to all others?

'Answers to Search Questions' will be found on page 12.

Primary Lesson.

Did you ever play 'Follow the leader?' You know how one boy or girl goes in front and the rest all follow doing exactly what the leader does, if he climbs over a wall, all the rest do, too. If he walks backwards, they must all do the same, if he jumps over a ditch his followers all attempt it, and sometimes they fall into the ditch because they are not quite as big and strong as the leader. Well, that is just the way grown up people play, too. One person has a party, then all the neighbors think they must each have a party. One lady gets a new silk dress, and almost every other lady thinks she must have a silk dress, too. One man thinks he will take a glass of wine and the other men think that they will do the same. The persons who first do these things never know who is following their example, it is a kind of blind game—you may play the leader but you may never see who is following you. It is pleasant for you to cross the brook on those smooth, round stepping stones, but would you do it if you thought little baby sister was going to follow you alone?

What about that naughty word you said the other day? When you said, 'I won't' to mamma, how did you feel when baby brother followed your example and said 'I won't, I won't?' How did you feel when baby brother hurt himself by following you into the place where you had been forbidden to go? You got out of it safely, but he was hurt.

There are so many things we would not do if we only knew of the people who are following us. You do not think you are leading anyone, but there is some one following you, copying all you do and say, and you do not know who it is, always. You know that your little brothers and sisters look up to you and think that whatever you do is right—doesn't that make you want to do everything rightly?

If you are not trying to do right things, the things that please Jesus, you are a stumbling block.' That is, you are keeping some body else, perhaps your own brother or sister, from following Jesus, our great example and leader.

SUGGESTED HYMNS.

'I will follow Jesus,' 'Yield not to temptation,' 'Temperance bells,' 'Have courage to say no,' 'I need Thee every hour,' 'Christian, walk carefully,' 'My soul, be on thy guard.'

Christian Endeavor Topic.

Aug 15.—Stumbling blocks.—Matt. xviii., 1-14. (A temperance topic.)

Junior Prayer-Meeting Topic.

Aug. 15.—How do people put stumbling-blocks in others' way?—Matt. xviii., 1-14. (A temperance topic.)

Practical Points.

BY A. H. CAMERON.

Although the first two of these are late, they are too good to miss, and are given in this number on account of their value in connection with the others for the review.—Ed.

(Acts xviii., 1-11.)

God's chosen people are neither recognized nor loved by the world. Verses 1, 2.

As every Jewish youth was taught a trade, Paul had become a tent-maker. We find he could practice as well as preach. Verses 3, Also II. Cor. xi., 9.

Paul's preaching was nothing if not persuasive. Verse 4.

They who reject the Gospel remedy have only themselves to blame for being eternally lost. Verses 5, 6.

God's commands are specially sweet to the convert just beginning the Christian race. Verses 7, 8; also Luke xix., 5, 6.

Solid comfort comes from God alone, and his consolations are sweeter than all the pleasures of earth. Verses 9-11.

(I. Thess., iv., 9; v., 2.)

Love of Christ always begets love of the brethren. Verses 9, 10; also John v., 2.

A consistent Christian's walk will bring a blessing upon the believer and influence for good the outside world. Verses 11, 12.

The prospect of meeting loved ones in heaven takes the barbed edge out of our sorrow. Verses, 13, 14.

Christ's first coming laid the foundation of our faith; his second advent will set the pinnacle on our highest hope. Verses 15-18.

The day of the Lord will come as a thief, because unexpected, and his coming will steal away all our sorrow and care. Verses 1, 2.

(I. Cor. xiii., 1-13.)

According to I. Cor. xiii., 13, love is greater than either faith or hope. So knowledge must also take a back seat when love comes to the front. Verses 1-3.

Proper conception of the person and character of God will best adjust our attitude to idols. Verses 4-6. John iv., 10.

Some Christians are weak in the faith and may be injured by the thoughtless example of other believers. Verses 7, 10.

Though nothing is unclean in itself (verse 8) we must beware lest our liberty increases our weak brother's infirmity. Verse 9.

Love to Christ is the grandest principle that regulates the Christian's conduct, and when it rules his life, love of the brethren will as certainly follow as winter is followed by spring. Verse 11-13; also Mark xii., 28-31.

Tiverton, Ont.

HOUSEHOLD.

Mother Wisdom.

It is very necessary that our children should early learn to be a law unto themselves. And the teaching of this most essential lesson should be done wisely and with great consideration and kindness. We should show them when disappointments and troubles come how to bear them bravely and that victories gained at such times show the makings of heroes and heroines. The sympathy of the loving father and mother may thus throw a brighter light over the shades that gather in the child's heart in the hour of disappointment. Nothing could be done to stir up bitterness that will make the way to victory harder and more hedged in for them. What an invaluable blessing to a child is a wise father and a wise mother. Care-takers and guides who have learned to gain the victories over themselves, and know how to help their children.

Children are very quick to know when they are unjustly blamed and dealt with. Children's sorrows are very real and burdensome to their young hearts. Many dear little ones have cried themselves to sleep because of being misunderstood by those who should have shown them the way out of their sorrows, instead of causing bitterness to come into their hearts making a two-fold burden for them to bear. There is nothing of such great importance, mothers, as to know your children's characteristics, and how to treat them wisely. It will bring you in better results and more satisfactory ones than leaving the little ones with servants to join clubs for the study of 'Ologies' and 'isms.'

What a holy, sacred hour of child-life is the bed-time hour. What a blessed privilege that the mother can gather her little ones about her knee to offer the evening prayer.

A dear little child said, 'We're so happy when it is bed-time and mamma goes with us to our room, and we all kneel down to tell to God our good-night prayer.'

Yes, dear mothers, we know the arms so often ache, that the feet are weary and the heart oftentimes faint, but be faithful to your sacred trust of motherhood.

Don't let injustice, impatience and unwise judgment in your dealings with them get the mastery over you. Do you ask, 'How can we be true, good, wise mothers?'

A dear old mother once said, 'When I was a young mother I had a great deal of work to do and my family of little ones was quite large. I wanted to be faithful to the trust God had given me, and every morning before the family were awake, I used to go up to the "Mount of Vision," and take counsel of the Great Helper. It was in my little clothes-closet, the only place I could ever be alone. None of the family ever knew that it was my "Mount of Vision." Years after those children by their Christlike lives showed to others that the visits of that mother in the early morning, to that "Mount of Vision," had been greatly blessed.'—Susan Teall Perry, in 'The Evangelist.'

Home Conversation.

Gossip is one of those words which has fallen upon evil days. Its etymology assigns it to a nobler use than the one to which we commonly apply it, for a gossip was once the bearer of good tidings, and the word itself is nearly allied to the beautiful 'gospel' which we associate with all that is best and most comforting in religion.

I hold that there is such a thing as innocent and justifiable gossip, and that to take a genuine and really kind interest in our neighbors and friends should be part of everybody's endeavor. If Jennie Pease, who went away to the art school, has taken a prize for a fine design, shall I not be glad—so glad, that to the first and the second person I meet I will say, 'Oh, you heard that delightful bit of news about Jennie, did you not? She has used her opportunities to good purpose, and her townsfold ought to be proud of her.' Hearing that a boy of our village, at the risk of his life, rushed into the sea and rescued a man from drowning, shall I not proclaim that act of heroism everywhere?

There is a sort of gossip which, without being scandal, approaches it in spirit, and is unworthy the practice of refined people. A lad who had been brought up carefully by a mother whose temper of mind to her fellow-creatures was always sweet and placid, was amazed on paying a visit to some relatives at the different atmosphere of the home.

'They seem at Aunt Harriet's to think so badly of everybody,' he said, 'and they take such an interest in what does not in the least concern them; as, for instance, wondering whether the plumes on Mrs. Marble's hat are new ones or old ones dyed over; where Mr. Jones went when he started off at so early an hour; what is the reason that the Carey boys are never seen together. Oh! I did get so tired of the never-ending surfeit of trivial, objectless talk, and I was so relieved when I thought of coming home to you, mammy, and having an end of it!'

Very gently remonstrated the mother:—'Mammy is afraid that her boy is violating the spirit of her oft-repeated maxim, "Charity thinketh no evil." Aunt Harriet and her family live a very quiet life within themselves; they have few outside interests; small things assume undue proportions in their eyes. I hope you did all you could in the way of furnishing them with pleasant entertainment. I regard that as a positive duty incumbent on the boys and men of a family. They should gather up by observation in their walks, at business, and when away from home, all the things agreeable they can—things which relate to the history of the times, public men and affairs, discoveries, inventions, new books, and tell all about them to their womenkind.'

'One must talk about something of course,' said the youth, contemplating his mother's suggestion.

'Of course!'

'And your theory is that somebody must provide grist for the mill, if it is to grind smoothly?'

'Precisely that, my boy.'—Margaret Sangster, in 'Harper's Young People.'

Family Rights.

(Cora Stuart Wheeler.)

I have known a young mother, forced by the fretful complaints of a student husband, teach her child the bad habit of being walked to sleep each night, because the little one had a trick of crooning itself into drowsiness with a low monotonous sound. It never occurred to that man to take his writing beyond the reach of the little voice; and somebody walked that child to sleep for eleven months, until accident left the father alone with the baby one fateful evening, the history of which has never been published, but there were no more nightly promenades.

The selfish one of the family becomes the fetich to which all the rest bow. If Kate wishes a new dress for class day and papa declines to take it from the family allowance the wind is in the east. Kate's gloomy face at breakfast acts as a damper upon every one's good spirits, and no time is lost after that uncheerful meal in ascertaining, before she shall impair their digestion for a second time, the cause of Kate's depression. By hook or by crook the desired gown is forthcoming, and the victims are graciously rewarded by Kate's smiles.

But the selfishness is not always of the sulky kind. It has sometimes budded from a long convalescence, when everybody petted and humored the invalid until she began to look upon these things as her right, and not her privilege. No one quite knows how or where to make the change. It seems a little hard hearted when they themselves have taught her to expect what now has become irksome. So mamma continues to finish the task of which her daughter soon wearies; brother Tom makes up the deficiency when she has overspent her allowance, though he goes without his new hat to do it; the sewing-girl leaves off finishing the baby's dresses, to comply with some whim. As a result mamma and the baby are kept in town a fortnight after they had planned to be among the cool hills.

Worse, if anything, than the selfish member of the household, though partaking largely of the same characteristics, is the whiner. This species is more apt to develop on the masculine side of the house. The boy that whines instead of using his fists in that not very dangerous warfare, instinct in sturdy boy nature, is a true domestic tyrant. Happy and harmonious is the result, if, when first he plumps himself into the family scales with a detestable whine, he is lifted out with one firm paternal hand and a vigorous antidote applied with the other. But if he is weakly coaxed, with the favor whined for, it will take every member of the family, every day of the year, to keep the other arm of the balance down.

I am not offering a remedy, because no general prescription will apply. I am but calling the attention of the thoughtful who believe in the old heartsome home life to the way in which the habit of letting the willing bear the heaviest end of the yoke, often unconsciously grows upon us. It may be a nervous mother with a sunny-hearted daughter who taxes her sweet patience to the utmost with whims and exactions which might be easily curbed, and would be, if she realized that she is shadowing the life dearest to her. Sometimes it is a father whose son loves and reveres him, but who cannot, will not, grasp the fact that his boy has grown to manhood with individual hopes and ambitions that must be wrought out, free of dictation. A tender and loving thought will distinguish between affectionate guidance and that dictatorial manner which at once arouses the antagonism of youth.

Let us make haste to examine the adjustment of rights in our own homes; and if, by any chance, we find most of the family virtues grouped to balance our faults, let us promptly make some move, more to our credit, to keep the balance true.—'The Housewife.'

Selected Recipes.

Sardine Salad.—Place twelve boneless sardines in a colander and pour boiling water quickly over them to remove the oil, then place on ice until firm. Line a salad bowl with fresh, crisp lettuce leaves, lay the sardines in it, sprinkle over them two chopped hard-boiled eggs and serve with a French dressing.

Scalloped Potatoes.—Two cupfuls of raw, finely sliced potatoes, one chopped onion, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, and a tablespoonful of butter. Butter a deep dish and put in a layer of potatoes sprinkled with salt, pepper, butter, onion and parsley, and so continue to the top. Bring a pint of milk to the boiling point, add a large tablespoonful of flour stirred until smooth in a little cold milk, pour over the potatoes and bake in a hot oven until tender.

Answers to Search Questions.

The following have sent in good answers: Elizabeth A. Craig, Mrs. P. Harper, Leila Dufferin, Miss Maude Peach, Ella C. Anderson, Annie Sharpe, Cora May Sider, Lizzie C. Brown, James E. Gray, Eva Woodward, Grace D. Allan, Louis G. Hamilton, Margaret Brown, Emma Moore, Roy Fash, Mary Lydia Crisp, Helen Bentham.

A few have made some mistakes; their names are: Helen de Witt Laurence, Jennie Ross, Miss Emma Killam, Kate H. Moorhead.

The above classification is not quite just to all, as some of those who had no positive mistake answered only three questions. We must ask competitors to send in all the answers for a month at one time and no others. For instance in the beginning of August you should send 'Answers for July,' without including any for June or August. If every one does this we shall be enabled to classify the work with more exactness. Please fasten your sheets of paper together and write your name clearly.

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